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That bids Remembrance "wake to weep,"
And ne'er from Nature's laws to swerve.

Again has Death's unerring dart,

Laid low in dust another friend—

When shall this bosom cease to smart?

When shall its aches have an end?

Say what is life? ye learn'd and wise—

A mighty bustle all for nought—

A passing shade that ever flies

Our eager grasp—our anxious thought.

Then why regret the good man's death—

Our loss is his eternal gain!

I'll sound his praise with every breath,

Nor weep to know him freed from pain,

Death came to ease his woe-fraught heart,

And free his spirit of its clay—

Transpierced his bosom with its dart,

And led his soul to endless day.

On pinions borne to realms of light,

Where care can never disturb its rest,

His heaven-born soul hath wing'd its flight,

To dwell in mansions of the blest.

Now finish'd is that race above,

Which here on earth he had begun:

And now he tastes of heavenly love—

And now his earthly cares are done.

'Twas his, the upright man of God,

(To every pious christian dear)

To lure to tread the paths he trod—

And virtue's precepts all revere.

Beneath the magic of whose tongue,

For many a year I've sat with joy;

First heard from whence salvation sprung,

And where the sinner ought to fly.

To imitate thy virtues here

Blest shade! be still thy chief employ;

Like thee to finish my career,

And join thee in the realms on high.

Blest as thou art, above what man

E'er tasted in those seats of love—

Cease, cease my Muse! nor dare to scan

What's veil'd from thee in heav'n above.

Farewell, blest shade! whose gentle voice
'Gainst heaven's decrees did ne'er complain!

This thought consoles—makes us rejoice—
We only part to meet again!

Thy sacred turf will friends revere,
Oft point to where thy ashes lie,
And o'er thy tomb shed many a tear,
Whilst memory heaves a heartfelt sigh!
Belfast.

TO MELESINA, ON READING HER SONNET ON SEEING THE FIRST FLOWERS OF SPRING.

WHY, Melesina, sing of love.
In sad elegiac strains,
Such only suit the grief I prove,
Descriptive of my pains.

But you, to fairer prospects born,
Possess'd of every charm,
Whom grace and dignity adorn,
And wit and beauty arm.

Say whence the evil can accrue
To you from Cupid's dart,
They well indeed their schemes may rue
Who trifle with your heart.

But should a doubt perplex your mind,
(As merit oft will fear,)
In your own theme a hint you'll find
How best your course to steer.

The flower that blows 'mid vernal skies,
And scents the ambient air,
Alike the winter's rigor flies,
And summer's sultry glare.

So Love, the plant of tenderest bloom,
Drops in each wild extreme,
From cold Indifference meets its doom,
Fades in too fierce a beam.

But these I own are vulgar laws,
For others use, not yours,
Whose strong, attractive beauty draws
The soul your sense secures.

On loveliness and merit then
Your confidence be plac'd—
No truant fear while men are men,
For miracles have ceas'd.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

Specification of the Patent granted to John
BELFAST MAG. NO. LXXI.

Hancock, late of Reading, in the County of